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# DALY'S THEATRE.

Produced by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES,

## San Toy

OR

THE EMPEROR'S OWN.

*A Chinese Musical Comedy.*

WORDS BY

EDWARD MORTON.

LYRICS BY

HARRY GREENBANK

AND

ADRIAN ROSS.

MUSIC BY

SIDNEY JONES.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

KEITH, PROWSE & Co., 43, Cheapside, LONDON,  
E.C.

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**LYRICS.**

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**SAN TOY**

A MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS BY  
**EDWARD MORTON.**

LYRICS BY  
**HARRY GREENBANK**  
AND  
**ADRIAN ROSS.**

MUSIC BY  
**SIDNEY JONES.**

PRODUCED AT DALY'S THEATRE, OCTOBER 21st, 1899,  
BY  
**GEORGE EDWARDES.**

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Owing to the death of **Mr. HARRY GREENBANK**, in February, 1899, the Lyrics of **SAN TOY** have been completed, and a few necessary alterations made in the numbers already in existence, by  
**Mr. ADRIAN ROSS.**

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London :  
**KEITH, PROWSE & CO., 48, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.**

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# MUSICAL NUMBERS.

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## ACT I.

1. Opening Chorus and Scene "We'll keep the feast in Pynka Pong."
2. Quintette and Chorus ... .. "The Mandarin."
3. Song (DUDLEY) ... .. "The Lady's Maid."
4. Song (POPPY) ... .. "A Posy from over the Sea."
5. Song (YEN HOW and WIVES) ... .. "Six Little Wives."
6. Song (SAN TOY) ... .. "It's nice to be a Boy."
7. Duet (SAN TOY and BOBBIE) ... .. "A.B.C."
8. Concerted Number ... .. "The Moon."
9. Quartette ... .. "Pynka Pong."
10. Song (BOBBIE) ... .. "Love has come from Lotus Land."
11. Duet—Scena (SAN TOY and FO HOP) "When you are wed to me."
12. Duet (DUDLEY and LI) ... .. "Samee Gamee."
13. Finale.

## ACT II.

1. Chorus of Mandarins.
2. Song (SAN TOY) ... .. "The Butterfly."
3. Song (DUDLEY) ... .. "Rhoda and her Pagoda."
4. Chorus and Entrance of Bodyguard ... .. "The Emperor's Own."
5. Chorus and Scene ... .. "Entrance of English Visitors."
6. Pas Seul (TRIXIE).
7. Duet (SAN TOY and BOBBIE) ... .. "The Little China Maid."
8. Concerted Number and Dance (WIVES) ... .. "Sometimes Y."
9. Quartette and Chorus ... .. "Back to London."
10. Song (YEN HOW) ... .. "I mean to introduce it into China."
11. Song (BOBBIE) ... .. "The one in the World."
12. Song (LI) ... .. "Chinee Soje-man."
13. Finale.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

Captain Bobbie Preston (*Son of Sir George Bingo Preston*).

Yen How (*a Mandarin*).

Sir Bingo Preston (*British Consul at Pynka Pong*)

Sing Hi (*President of the Board of Ceremonies*).

Lieut. Harvey Tucker.

Fo Hop (*A Chinese Student*).

Fang (*a Boatman*).

Hu Pi } (*Jewellers of Pynka*).

Wai Ho }

Li Hi } (*Tartar Guards*).

Li Lo }

Old Mandarin (*At Court of Peking*).

and

Li (*Mandarin's Servant*).

Poppy (*Daughter of Sir Bingo*).

Dudley (*Her Maid*).

Wun Lung (*Perpetual Corporal of the Emperor's Own*).

Ko Fan (*of the Emperor's Own*).

Yung Shi

Me Kouï

Siou

Shuey Pin Sing

Li Kiang

Hu Yu.

} (*Wives of Yen How*).

Trixie.

Mrs. Harley Streeter.

Hon. Mrs. Hay Stackporle.

Miss Mary Lambkin.

Lady Pickleton

and

SAN TOY (*Daughter of Yen How*).

# SAN TOY.

## ACT I.

No I.—OPENING CHORUS—"We'll keep the feast in  
Pynka Pong."

HARRY GREENBANK.

CHORUS    On China's Empire shining bright  
            The moon will reach its full to-night.  
            To-night a gay and festive throng  
            Will keep the feast in Pynka Pong.  
                                O-ya-ha !

            Ten thousand lanterns overhead  
            Will sparkle yellow, blue and red,  
            And cast their twinkling lights along  
            The narrow streets of Pynka Pong.  
                                O-ya-ha !

            To-night the greatest and the least  
            Will keep the yearly Full-Moon Feast,  
            With drink and jest, with sup and song,  
            When midnight falls on Pynka Pong.  
                                O-ya-ha !

            To-night we'll pass the moon-cakes round,  
            To-night with music's merry sound,  
            With twinkling bell and clashing gong  
            We'll feast the moon in Pynka Pong.  
                                O-ya-ha !

(A DENTIST, a STREET FORTUNE-TELLER, a RICE SELLER and  
a STREET BARBER make their way through crowd and come  
to front of stage.)

DENTIST.    Before you sit down at the feasting to-night  
            The dentist should see that your teeth are all right ;  
                        There isn't a tooth  
                        Of age or of youth  
            That ever resisted my pincers uncouth !

- FORTUNE-TELLER. When China makes holiday, business is slack,  
And *then* I am ready to finger my pack,  
For people, you see,  
Come flocking to me  
To know what their fortunes are going to be.
- RICE-SELLER. Though sharks' fins and birds' nests are all very nice  
For health and for strength there is nothing like rice,  
It's wholesome and light,  
And tasty and white,  
So purchase a bowl for your supper to-night !
- BARBER. Oh, come and be shaved for the Feast of the Moon,  
On festive occasions a barber's a boon ;  
I shave on the spot,  
With waters that hot,  
My methods are rough, but my razors are not !
- CHORUS. No wonder a lot  
Of custom he's got,  
His razors are sharp and his water is hot.  
  
In every corner, street and square,  
From dawn to sunset we prepare  
By doing nothing all day long,  
To keep the Feast in Pynka Pong.  
O-ya-ha !  
  
But when the welcome darkness comes,  
Then light your lanterns, beat your drums ;  
With tinkling bell and clashing gong  
Acclaim the Moon in Pynka Pong !  
O-ya-ha !

No. 2.—QUINTETTE—"The Mandarin."

ADRIAN ROSS.

LI, WAI HO, AH WEN, YU SAM, and ME KOU.

- WAI HO. Of noble kin is the Mandarin
- AH WEN. With manners smooth as a jasper pin,  
So courtly—
- CHORUS. Courtly !
- YU SAM. } A double chin has the Mandarin,  
ME KOU. } And his manly form is far from thin,  
It's portly !

CHORUS. Portly !

LI. For he is the Mandalin !

CHORUS. dalin !

LI. He lulee our happy valley,

And I  
am Li,  
His sly  
And wi-  
ly Pā-  
vate Secletaly.

ALL and } For he is the Mandarin-darin !  
CHORUS. } A girl would like to marry,

That's why  
We try  
To buy  
Up Li,  
His Pri-  
vate Secretary.

WAI HO & } He did not begin as a Mandarin,  
AH WEN. } Examinations he had to win,  
Competing—

CHORUS. peting !

YU SAM. } And he saved his skin, did the Mandarin,  
ME KOU. } By having his answer sewn within  
His pleating !

CHORUS. Pleating !

LI. So now he's a Mandalin—

CHORUS. dalin !

LI. He lulee our happy valley,

And I  
am Li  
His sply  
And wi-  
ly Pā-  
vate Secletaly.

ALL and } So he is the Mandarin-darin !  
CHORUS. } That makes us fetch and carry ;

That's why  
We try  
To buy  
Up Li,  
His Pri-  
vate Secretary.

## No. 3.—SONG (DUDLEY)—“The Lady’s Maid.”

ADRIAN ROSS.

*Music by* LIONEL MONCKTON.

A modern lady’s maid,  
     Who serves a modern lady,  
 Has got to know her trade  
     In 1900 A.D.  
 To pump a flagging tyre,  
     To brush a bike, or ride it,  
 To send a note or wire  
     And just to look inside it !

For a lady’s maid must read a bit,  
 If her active help you need a bit ;  
 As she’s in the play, she had better know the plot,  
 You must let her read a little, or she’ll want to read a lot !

Her mistress’s costumes  
     With perfect taste she chooses,  
 She uses her perfumes  
     And wears her smartest blouses ;  
 On Covent Garden nights  
     When people go a-masking,  
 Her lady’s acting tights  
     She borrows without asking !

For a lady’s maid must dress a bit,  
 It’s a taste you can’t suppress a bit ;  
 If she wants a gown that you happen to have got,  
 You must let her wear a little, or she’ll want to wear the lot !

And if she is dismissed  
     For failing in her duty,  
 She’ll turn a vocalist  
     Of unsuspected beauty.  
 Amusement she’ll afford  
     To people smart or shady,  
 And fascinate the lord  
     Who married her young lady !

For the lady’s maid will dance a bit,  
 In the style they do in France a bit ;  
 For she *can* can-can, and she studied on the spot ;  
 You must let her kick a little, or she’ll sure to kick a lot ;

## No. 4.—SONG (POPPY)—“A Posy from over the Sea.”

ADRIAN ROSS.

Once I was free to roam  
 Over the fields at home,  
 Watching the grasses swaying  
 Break into flowers like foam !  
     If I could have my will  
     I'd be in England still,  
 After the cowslips straying  
     Over the grassy hill.

Ah, could the breeze, or the bee,  
 Bring back the sweetness to me,  
 Breath of a rosy wild-flower posy  
     A posy from over the sea

Beautiful gardens here  
 Change with the changing year,  
 They have no flower to show me  
     Such as my heart holds dear.  
     Strange are the blooms that fall  
     Over the trellised wall ;  
 Beauty around, below me,  
     Never the best of all.

Blossoms ablaze on the tree,  
 What is their splendour to me ?  
 Give me the rosy sweet little posy,  
     The posy from over the sea.

## No. 5.—(YEN HOW with WIVES).—“Six Little Wives.”

HARRY GREENBANK.

YEN. Oh, my name is Yen How—I'm a Mandarin great,  
 And this is my famous umbrella of state,  
 And these are the robes that my office contrives,  
 And *these*, if you please, are my six little wives.

WIVES. Yes, we are his six little wives.

ALL. Kow-tow, kow-tow  
     To the great Yen How,  
     And wish him the longest of lives,  
 With his one little, two little, three little, four little,  
     Five little, six little wives !

- YEN. But I never forget—when my temper they vex—  
That my six little darlings have six little necks ;  
So it's possible quite, when again I arrive,  
That these six little women will only be five.
- WIVES. Alas, we shall only be five !
- ALL. Kow-tow, kow-tow  
To the great Yen How,  
And wish him the longest of lives,  
With his one little, two little, three little, four little,  
Five little, live little wives !
- YEN. Though a hair of their heads it would pain me to hurt,  
Yet I fear there is one who's a bit of a flirt,  
And if I should catch her at anything more,  
Then my six little pets I must limit to four.
- WIVES. His pets he will limit to four !
- ALL. Kow-tow, kow-tow  
To the great Yen How,  
And wish him the longest of lives,  
With his one little, two little, three little, four little,  
Left little, live little wives !
- YEN. Of course they're the six little wives that I love,  
And suspicion I *think* they're completely above,  
But if anything wrong I should happen to see  
I shall order a further reduction to three.
- WIVES. A further reduction to three !
- ALL. Kow-tow, kow-tow  
To the great Yen How,  
And wish him the longest of lives,  
With his one little, two little, three little, lone little,  
Left little, live little wives.
- YEN. They are beautiful girls and they're all very young,  
But each of my six little wives had a tongue,  
If their chatter annoys, I must put on the screw,  
And my talkative poppets will dwindle to two.
- WIVES. His poppets will dwindle to two !
- ALL. Kow-tow, kow-tow  
To the great Yen How,  
And wish him the longest of lives,  
With his one little, two little, lorn little, lone little,  
Left little, live little wives.
- YEN. And if, when my favours are showered on two,  
Those two take to fighting—as two women do,  
There's one thing alone that remains to be done—  
My dovecot in future must only hold *one* !
- WIVES. His dovecot must only hold one !



- ALL.                   Kow-tow, kow-tow  
                           To the great Yen How,  
                           And wish him a very long life,  
 With his one little, last little, lorn little, lone little,  
                           Left little, live little wife !
- YEN.               But of *one* little wife I shall weary, I fear,  
 So the last of the six will in time disappear,  
 And Yen How will be seen—if her loss he survives—  
 Starting business again with a dozen new wives !
- WIVES.           Oh, *think* of a dozen new wives !
- ALL.                   Kow-tow, kow-tow  
                           To the great Yen How,  
                           And wish him the longest of lives,  
 With his two little, four little, six little, eight little,  
                           Ten little, twelve little wives !

---

No. 6.—SONG.—(SAN TOY.)—"It's nice to be a Boy."

Little China maids,  
 Till their beauty fades,  
       Must be hidden—must be hidden.  
 Talking with a man  
 By a social ban  
       Is forbidden—is forbidden !  
 That would never be  
 Good enough for me ;  
       It's unpleasant—most unpleasant !  
 Therefore Miss San Toy  
 Will remain a boy  
       For the present—for the present.  
 For it's nice to be a boy sometimes,  
 And especially in Eastern climes,  
       Where a lady's great distress is  
       That she cannot show her dresses,  
 So it's nice to be a boy sometimes !  
 I can go out at nights  
 Flying painted kites  
       Round the city—round the city !  
 I can dare to greet  
 Any maid I meet  
       If she's pretty—rather pretty !  
 Where can be the hurt  
 If I choose to flirt ?  
       Don't I rather—don't I rather !  
 Aged men will smile,  
 Say it's just the style  
       Of my father—of my father !

Oh, it's nice to be a boy sometimes;  
 When you hear the merry midnight chimes  
 And excuses are not needed,  
 For your father knows what he did  
 When he used to be a boy, sometimes!  
 But I rather fear  
 That the time is near  
 For revealing—for revealing!  
 And I must confess  
 I'm a boy in dress,  
 Not in feeling—not in feeling!  
 There's an English youth  
 Who contrived the truth  
 To discover—to discover!  
 So I must avow  
 I'm a lady now,  
 With a lover—with a lover!  
 But it's good to be a girl sometimes,  
 When a lover makes you pretty rhymes,  
 And the words that may be missing  
 He supplies by ardent kissing—  
 Then it's good to be a girl sometimes!

No. 7.—(SAN TOY AND BOBBIE)—“A B C.”

HARRY GREENBANK.

SAN TOY.      O my lover, you are clever,  
                  But you never  
                  Taught me yet  
          All the letters illustrative  
                  Of your native  
                  Alphabet.  
 BOBBIE.      Lest we lose another minute,  
                  We'll begin it  
                  Here and now!  
 SAN TOY.      And to recollect each letter  
                  You had better  
                  Show me how  
 BOBBIE.      A. for Almond eyes love-laden,  
                  B. for Beauty—  
 SAN TOY.      Meaning me?  
 BOBBIE.      C. for Charming Chinese maiden,  
                  My Delight—  
                  The word for D.

- BOBBIE. E. for Englishman Entreating,  
Ever Earnest—
- SAN TOY. Meaning you?
- BOBBIE. F. for Flirting, False and Fleeting!
- SAN TOY. That's a thing I never do!
- BOTH. Love's a famous spelling-master!  
Pretty maidens all agree,  
None can teach a pupil faster  
How to learn her A. B. C.  
Tender words of explanation,  
Object lessons, two or three,  
Soon complete her education—  
Love has taught his A. B. C.
- SAN TOY. Can I choose but love you dearly  
When so clearly  
You explain  
English alphabet that vexes  
And perplexes  
Chinese brain?
- BOBBIE. If my A. B. C. will win you,  
We'll continue  
At our task;  
G. for glances—oh! such shy ones!
- SAN TOY. Are they *my* ones,  
May I ask?
- BOBBIE. H. for hearts in sweet consenting,  
I. for Idle hours of bliss,  
J. for Jealous jars tormenting,  
K. for Kisses—pause at this! (*Kisses her*)  
L. for Love! There's nothing better!  
Dearest, need we further go?
- SAN TOY. Only just another letter—  
M. for Marriage—that I know!
- BOTH. Love's a famous spelling master!  
Pretty maidens all agree  
None can teach a pupil faster  
How to learn her A. B. C.  
Tender words of explanation,  
Object lessons, two or three,  
Soon complete her education—  
Love has taught his A. B. C.

## No. 8.—CONCERTED NUMBER.—“The Moon.”

ADRIAN ROSS.

SAN TOY. Have you heard of the Maid in the moon?

ENGLISH. Not a word !  
 How absurd,  
 To have girls in the moon !

SAN TOY. I have often been told  
 Of her garment of gold  
 And her glimmering silver shoon !  
 And she carries a spangled fan—

ALL. So fair !

SAN TOY. But she drops it when she can—

ALL. Oh, where ?

SAN TOY On the ebb and flow  
 Of the tide below  
 That follows her like a man—

ALL. Take care !

SAN TOY. Maid in the Moon, Maid in the Moon,  
 Grant in benignity  
 Riches and dignity,  
 All that we ask for a holiday boon,  
 Maid in the Moon, Maid in the Moon,

ALL. Maid in the Moon, &amp;c.

BOBBIE. Don't you know there's a man in the Moon ?

ALL CHINESE. Is it so ?  
 Will you show  
 Us the Man in the Moon ?

BOBBIE. Why it's easy to trace  
 Every line of his face  
 On a beautiful night in June.  
 I can show you his lantern now—

ALL. We see !

BOBBIE. And his bush with its leafy bough—

ALL. A tree !

BOBBIE. And his dog who's said  
 To be so well-bred  
 He never remarks “Bow-wow.”

ALL. Dear me

BOBBIE. Moon, moon, Man in the Moon,  
Kindly attend to us,  
Pack up and send to us  
Something of value, and send it us soon,  
Moon, moon, Man in the Moon!

ALL. Moon, moon, &c.

POPPY. There are two, I should think, in the moon—

ALL. If it's true,  
Will it do  
To have two in the Moon?

POPPY. And I think you will own,  
As they're there all alone,  
That they ought to get married soon!

YUNG SHI. They will live in the sky afar,

ALL. For aye!

YUNG SHI. And be happy as mortals are—

ALL. They may—

YUNG SHI. And we soon may hope,  
Through the telescope,  
For a new little double star.

ALL. (ENGLISH AND CHINESE) {Hooray!  
  {Hoolay!

SAN TOY. Sweet Honeymoon, sweet Honeymoon,  
Shine from above to us,  
Give what we love to us!  
Drop us a gift from your golden balloon—  
Sweet Honeymoon, sweet Honeymoon!

ALL. Sweet Honeymoon, &c.

No. 9.—QUARTETTE (POPPY, DUDLEY, TUCKER, LI)  
“Pynka Pong.”

HARRY GREENBANK.

POPPY. You cannot think how dull it is  
Where fashion plates are nullities;  
I'm wasting Paris frocks on Pynka Pong!

- OTHERS. Pynka Pong !
- TUCKER. I never meet a specimen  
Of any of the dressy men,  
To London or to Paris who belong !
- OTHERS. Who belong !
- DUDLEY. No footman here has calf enough,  
Or pads or powder half enough,  
To suit a London lady's-maid of taste !
- OTHERS. Maid of taste !
- LI. Him not so p/opa fine a man,  
As numpa one big Chinaman,  
My lovee squeezee lilliee girlliee waist !
- OTHERS. Lilliee waist !
- ALL. A pleasant little place is Pynka Pong,  
With natural attractions very strong,  
And the tourist simply mute is  
When he gazes on its beauties,  
But the tourist doesn't live here all along !  
Would he weary of its beauties,  
If through diplomatic duties  
He was doomed to Pynka, Pynka, Pynka Pong ?
- POPPY. At concert and bazaar or two,  
We hear a local star or two,  
We're easily amused in Pynka Pong !
- OTHERS. Pynka Pong !
- TUCKER. The banjo I can strum a bit,  
And try to make things hum a bit,  
With echoes of the latest comic song !
- OTHERS. Comic song !
- DUDLEY. A banjo's 'too monotonous  
For those—like me—who've got on us  
A passion for a pianist with hair !
- OTHERS. Ruddy hair !
- LI. My gettee piano numpa one,  
You lovee me to thumpa one— (*Showing Pig-tail.*)  
Him longa tail than foleign devils wear !
- OTHERS. Devils wear !

ALL. There's something in the name of Pynka Pong,  
 Which doesn't seem exactly to belong  
     To the lazy land of China,  
     For it smacks of Carolina,  
 And the sugar cane and coon and cotton song.  
     Yes, it smacks of Carolina,  
     And of dark and dusky Dinah, (*Imitating banjo*).  
 Pynka, Pynka, Pynka, Pynka, Pynka Pong!

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NO. 10.—SONG—(BOBBIE)—

“Love has come from Lotus Land.”

HARRY GREENBANK and ADRIAN ROSS.

Sweet little maid, San Toy  
 Child of the morn are you,  
 Blushing, and bright and coy,  
 Fresh as the dawning dew!  
 Hither by Fortune drawn  
 Into the East afar  
 Here have I found my dawn,  
 You are my morning star!

The world has seemed so full of joy,  
 Since first I met you, sweet San Toy  
 The charm of life I understand,  
 For Love has come from Lotus Land!

Out of the East away,  
 Over the sunset sea,  
 Come with the night and day,  
 Into the West with me.  
 Morning and eve in one,  
 Mine be your changing light,  
 Be to my day the sun,  
 Moon to my happy night!

The world has seemed so full of joy,  
 Since first I met you, sweet San Toy!  
 The charm of life I understand,  
 For Love has come from Lotus Land!



## No. 11.—DUET—(SCENA).      ADRIAN ROSS.

(SAN TOY. and FO HOP.)

FO HOP.                      When you are wed  
                                    To me—

SAN TOY.                  Far sooner dead  
                                    I'd be !

FO HOP.                      Then you will own  
                                    With awe,  
                                    My word alone  
                                    Is law !  
                                    *My* sense of right  
                                    You'll please  
                                    By being quite  
                                    Chinese—  
                                    Each Western trick  
                                    I ban  
                                    With sharp and quick  
                                    Rattan !  
                                    Before my look  
                                    You'll bend ;  
                                    For me you cook  
                                    And mend !

SAN TOY.  
A slave for life  
I'd be,  
Go, take a wife,  
Not me !

FO HOP.  
You'll give your life  
To be  
A proper wife  
To me !

SAN TOY.                  Were I indeed  
                                    Your mate—

FO HOP.                      That is decreed  
                                    By fate !

SAN TOY (*Ironically*)    Your mighty mind  
                                    Is such  
                                    As I might find  
                                    Too much !  
                                    Your lovely form  
                                    And face  
                                    Invite too warm  
                                    Embrace.  
                                    You're such a flower  
                                    And pearl,  
                                    You overpower  
                                    A girl !

I must confess  
That I  
Of happiness  
Should die !

SAN TOY.  
In fact I fear  
You'd be  
A deal too dear  
For me !

FO HOP.  
It's very queer  
To see ;  
She dares to sneer  
At me !

FO HOP. Vain your gibing and your railing,  
Frowns and tears are unavailing !  
By the oath your father swore me,  
You must love me and adore me !

SAN TOY. Then I will beseech my father,  
Let him stab or drown me rather,  
Let him poison or behead me  
Rather than that you should wed me !

FO HOP.	SAN TOY.
Yes, my bride away I'll bear	There's a dagger in my hair,
Quickly, ere	So beware.
She's aware,	Have a care,
And declare	I declare
We're a pair	If you dare,
For the bold deserves the fair!	I will strike and will not spare!

No. 12.—DUET—(DUDLEY and LI) “Samee Gamee.”

HARRY GREENBANK and ADRIAN ROSS.

DUDLEY. Your marriages here,  
Are certainly queer,  
I do not see what's the attraction !  
A wife on your plan  
Has not got a man,  
But only a claim to a fraction !

LI. In England to-day  
You go other way,  
Man marry one wiffee of coursee ;  
She flirtiee too hot  
With allo big lot,  
Man have to go law-law divorcee !

- BOTH. Just the way, wherever you go,  
 Samee gamee, samee gamee,  
 Folks exclaimee  
 Fi ! for shamee !  
 All can play at samee gamee,  
 Samee gamee ! Oh !
- DUDLEY. A curious lot  
 Of customs you've got,  
 We civilised foreigners lack them ;  
 You Chinamen choose  
 To whiten your shoes,  
 In England the gentlemen black them !
- LI. Our girlies are sweet,  
 They bindee their feet,  
 We thinkee it ploppa and lightee,  
 You callee good taste  
 To squeezee your waist  
 So velly unpleasantly tightee.
- BOTH. Just the way, wherever you go,  
 Samee gamee, samee gamee !  
 Folks exclaimee  
 Fie ! for shamee !  
 All can play at samee gamee,  
 Samee gamee ! Oh !

### No. 13.—FINALE.

ADRIAN ROSS.

( *Enter CHORUS AND WIVES OF YEN HOW escorted by HU PI ;  
 they follow HERALD carrying imperial letter.* )

*Two Servants cracking whips keep back the crowd.*

- CHORUS. We have come here now  
 To renew our protestation  
 To the great Yen How  
 Of our zeal and adoration.  
 In these wide domains  
 There is no official better,  
 As our monarch deigns  
 To inform him in a letter—  
 In a special yellow letter

HERALD *comes forward and presents Imperial letter to YEN HOW, who receives it with obeisances and places it on his head*

YEN HOW. The Emperor, oh joy !  
Has sent for my San Toy,

CHORUS. What honor intense  
To be summoned hence  
At a vast expense,  
Through a special letter.

(*As YEN HOW opens letter and unfolds.*)

CHORUS. What do does the letter say ?

YEN HOW. He must depart to-day.

TUCKER. (*To YEN HOW*).

Yen How, I'm sure I wish you joy,  
You are a lucky father ;  
My friend will gladly take your boy.

BOB. Oh, rather !

TUCKER. Sea air is good for wind and limb,  
So have no fear about it ;  
The trip will make a man of him.

BOB. I doubt it.

POPPY. I doubt it !

DUDLEY. I very greatly doubt it !

(*Enter SAN TOY—she goes to YEN HOW.*)

SAN TOY. Father, the grief you feel,  
Your face cannot conceal,  
Oh, let me know !

YEN HOW. My care is all in vain,  
The message comes again,  
That you must go.  
And if you are not sent,  
By dreadful punishment  
I must atone.

SAN TOY. (*Aside*)  
I'll be a girl once more  
And join the Ladies' Corps,  
The Emperor's Own.

TUCKER. Yes, pack your traps up, for you start  
As quickly as you can.  
(*To SAN TOY*).  
Don't cry, my boy, but pluck up heart  
And try to be a man !

- SAN TOY. I'll try to be a man !  
 POPPY. Don't be a man,  
           San Toy, oh !  
           Stay if you can  
           A boy, oh !  
           Men are too bold,  
           So I am told,  
           Better be cold  
           And coy, oh !
- TUCKER You be a man  
 AND San Toy, oh !  
 CHORUS. Soon as you can,  
           My boy, oh !  
           Youth is a flower  
           Gone in an hour,  
           While you have power  
           Enjoy, oh !
- SAN TOY. (*Aloud*).  
           Farewell to my quiet garden  
           And on to the city's whirl.  
 (*Aside*) For I'll earn my parent's pardon  
           In the garb of a soldier girl !  
 (*Aloud*) With a heart that is sorrow laden  
           Farewell to my Pynka Pong,  
 (*Aside*) And gladly I'll turn a maiden  
           For I've been a boy too long.
- BOB. The vessel tugs at her tether,  
           The great tide sets to the sea,  
           And out on the deep together  
           You're coming, San Toy, with me.  
           Happy with one another  
           We journey to far Peking  
           Each of us fond as a brother,  
           Fonder, if anything.
- SAN TOY Seaward the breeze  
 AND Is blowing,  
 BOBBIE. Out on the seas  
           We're going.  
           How shall we fare ?  
           If you are there  
           I shall not care  
           For knowing !
- CHORUS. (*And ALL but SAN TOY.*)  
           Come back again,  
           San Toy, oh !  
           Ever remain  
           A boy, oh !

Come to us soon,  
Fair as the moon,  
Bringing the boon  
Of joy, oh !

**TUCKER,**      It's despairing,  
                    You're so slow!  
                    Captain's swearing  
                    He must go!  
                    For he's fussing,  
                    Shouting, cussing,  
                    Raging, tearing,  
                    Don't you know!

**CHORUS.**      Good-bye !  
                   Hi yi !  
                   Farewell,  
                   There's the bell.  
                   Come on !  
                   They'll be gone !  
                   Good-bye !

(LI hurries SAN TOY and BOBBIE off.)

(*Enter FO HOP, angrily.*)

**Fo Hop.** What is this the people say?

**CHORUS.** Well, what?

**FO HOP.** That San Toy has gone away.

**CHORUS.** Why not?

FO HOP (*To YEN How.*)  
 Wretched man, what have you done?  
 Sent your precious little one  
 With the foreign consul's son.

**CHORUS and YEN.** Why not?

**FO HOP.** I will tell you all the truth,

POPPY. No, no!

**FO HOP.      For the youth is not a youth !**

**CHORUS.** How so?

**FO HOP.** Your deception I destroy,  
By revealing that San Toy  
Is a girl, and not a boy!

**CHORUS.** Oh, oh !

TUCKER. Call them back ! Fetch them back !  
 Send a gunboat on their track,  
 Such a trip is most improper,  
 Catch the steamer ! back her ! stop her !

POPPY. All in vain ! All in vain !  
 They will not be caught again,  
 Making love is quite the hobby  
 Of our dashing Mr. Bobbie.

TUCKER Oh, it's funny, really prime,  
 I am laughing all the time !  
 Fancy coming here to tell us  
 Its a girl that made me jealous !

POPPY (*To PRESTON*)  
 Never mind, never mind,  
 Bobbie isn't very blind,  
 Don't be quite so broken hearted—  
 Perhaps he knew before he started.

(*Enter LI breathless but complacent*).

CHORUS. Call them back, fetch them back,  
 Send a gunboat on their track,  
 Off in haste, off in haste,  
 Not a moment now to waste !  
 Take a junk or take a schooner,  
 Catch them later, catch them sooner,  
 Such a trip is most improper !  
 Catch the steamer, back her, stop her !  
 Hi-ya ! hi-ya !

*By HARRY GREENBANK.*

YEN HOW. (*Rising with air of resolution*).  
 If you mix up your daughter and son,  
 It's a junk to a chopstick you'll rue it,  
 There's only one thing to be done,  
 And by all the green dragons I'll do it.

CHORUS. He'll do it ! He'll do it !  
 By all the green dragons he'll do it.

YEN HOW. If you're standing in dread of the loss of your head,  
 And would crave the Imperial pardon,  
 Then the obvious thing is to go to Peking,  
 Where the Emperor walks in his garden,  
 For admittance you'll wait at the big Palace-gate,  
 And on no account doubting and dumb stick,  
 But announce that you've come on the Emperor's  
 drum  
 With the aid of the Emperor's drum-stick !



YEN HOW. You must beat on the Emperor's drum,

CHORUS. Tum, tum !

YEN HOW. With a roll and a rap and a rum—

CHORUS. Tum, tum

YEN HOW. For it hangs on the wall  
To be beaten by all  
When to make a petition they come—

CHORUS. Tum, tum

POPPY. Yet although there is mercy for some,

CHORUS. Tum, tum

WIVES. Your prospects look gloomy and glum

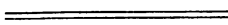
CHORUS. Tum, tum !

YEN HOW. But I'm haughty and high,  
And I'll never say die,  
Till I've beaten the Emperor's drum.

CHORUS. Tum, tum !

CHORUS. You must beat on the Emperor's drum,  
Tum, tum !

&c.



## ACT II.

### No. 1.—CHORUS OF MANDARINS.

ADRIAN ROSS.

We're the cream of courtly creatures,  
Mighty Mandarins !  
Similar in form and features,  
Like a row of pins !  
But although when seen together  
We're alike perhaps,  
Some may sport a yellow jacket,  
Others enviously lack it ;  
Others wear a lofty feather  
Nodding on their caps !

But the flower of the favoured crop—  
Crop, crop !  
And the height at which honours stop—  
Stop, stop !

Is the crystalline sphere  
That we carry up here,  
It's the little round button on top—  
Top, top !  
Though our feathers and robes you lop—  
Lop, lop !

And our jackets we have to drop—  
Drop, drop !  
We care not for that  
If you leave us a hat  
With a little round button on top—  
Top, top !  
A little round button on top !

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### No. 2.—SONG.—(SAN TOY.)—"The Butterfly."

HARRY GREENBANK.

A butterfly spreading his shining wing  
Went fluttering forth in the golden spring ;  
He danced on a ray of the flaming sun  
And kissed the chrysanthemums one by one.  
But presently out in the air there strayed  
The bright little fan of a Chinese maid,  
And the giddy young butterfly promptly tried  
To look at the face on the other side.

For he said "In my blue  
 And my scarlet and yellow,  
 It's perfectly true,  
 I'm a very fine fellow ;  
 A dandy who can,  
 Like any young man,  
 Run after a frock and a fan-fan-fan !"  
 Wherever the girl and the fan could go,  
 The butterfly flickered, above, below ;  
 He hovered in front of her nose to stare,  
 And perched on the pins that held her hair ;  
 She waved him off with her fan in vain,  
 The butterfly *would* come back again ;  
 For the butterfly thought, as men have done,  
 That the woman he wooed was as good as won !  
 And he said "I'm a boy,  
 So exceedingly killing,  
 Although she is coy,  
 Yet she can't be unwilling ;  
 A mischievous Miss  
 Coquetting like this,  
 Is certain to yield to a kiss-kiss-kiss !"  
 The vain little butterfly flew once more,  
 To play with the fan that the lady bore ;  
 But, oh ! when he perched on its painted rim  
 How warm was the welcome that waited him !  
 Before he could make a remark polite,  
 Two dear little fingers had seized him tight,  
 While two little fingers produced a pin,  
 And right through his body that pin went in !  
 Then he gasped, "Just my luck !  
 It's a shabby requital  
 When lovers are stuck  
 In a part that is vital !"  
 Which can't be denied,  
 So the butterfly died,  
 With a pin through his little inside-side-side !

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No. 3.—SONG.—(DUDLEY.)—"Rhoda and her Pagoda."

ADRIAN ROSS.

*Music by* LIONEL MONCKTON.

Rhoda Rye was a London lass,  
 Taking and trim and tiny ;  
 She wished to gather the upper class  
 To a tea-shop charming and Chinee !

She borrowed and built, she puffed and planned  
 A proper Pagoda in the Strand,  
 And dressed like a Chinee girl at home,  
 From the dainty shoes to the big back comb !

Rhoda, Rhoda, ran a Pagoda,  
 Selling tea and syrup and soda,  
 Buns and biscuits and bread of bran  
 In the pretty Pagoda Rhoda ran !

CHORUS.

Rhoda, Rhoda, &c.

The lords and ladies they came from far,  
 In fact, too many for one shop,  
 Forsaking the club and the Yankee bar,  
 And only original Bun Shop !  
 They sat at the tables made for two,  
 And drank their tea from the china blue,  
 And often wasted an afternoon  
 With two little cups and one big spoon !

Rhoda, Rhoda, ran a Pagoda,  
 Selling cakes and lemon and soda ;  
 Many a maiden met a man  
 At the pretty Pagoda Rhoda ran !

CHORUS.

Rhoda, Rhoda, &c.

A wealthy nobleman wandered in  
 The Duke of Kensington Gardens,  
 He chucked the waitresses under the chin,  
 Then giggled and asked their pardons !  
 And Rhoda flirted and drew him on  
 With her angel cakes and her sugared scone,  
 Until one day, at his fourteenth cup,  
 He fell at her feet, and she picked him up.

Rhoda, Rhoda shut her Pagoda,  
 No more tea and coffee and soda ;  
 Never a milkman leaves his can  
 At the pretty Pagoda Rhoda ran ;

CHORUS.

Rhoda, Rhoda, &c.

Rhoda now is a social pet,  
 At Royal parties and races  
 There never has been a Duchess yet  
 With such a style as her Grace's.  
 And if you ever should try to raise  
 The tender topic of tea-shop days,  
 She looks at you with a lofty stare,  
 As if to suggest that you are not there.

Rhoda says, "What is a Pagoda?  
 Something African at Fashoda?"  
*She* never heard since life began  
 Of the pretty Pagoda Rhoda ran!

CHORUS. Rhoda says, &c.

No. 4.—CHORUS AND ENTRANCE OF BODYGUARD.

"The Emperor's Own."

HARRY GREENBANK.

MANDARINS. Make room for the Emperor's Own,  
 Imposing and splendid,  
 Who guard the Imperial throne  
 From treason intended!  
 With martial but maidenly mien  
 And movement majestic,  
 They're always a sight to be seen—  
 These soldiers domestic.  
 For dashing appearance alone  
 They rank *in excelsis*;  
 But they are the Emperor's Own,  
 And nobody else's!

BODYGUARD. Girls of the Emperor's bodyguard we;  
 Shapely and beautiful soldiers to see;  
 Who could resist the assortment of charms,  
 Owned by such lovely young ladies-at-arms?  
 Surely at sight of us, foes in the field,  
 Dropping their rifles will instantly yield;  
 Every sword will return to its case,  
 We shall be welcomed with open embrace!

KO FAN. The Emperor splendid,  
 By us is defended  
 From ladies seductive and sly;  
 No vision of beauty  
 Can lure him from duty,  
 When *we* have him under our eye!

ALL. The Emperor splendid  
 By { us } is defended  
 From ladies seductive and sly!  
 No vision of beauty  
 Can lure him from duty,  
 When { we } have him under { our } eye!

No. 5.—SCENE—(*Entrance of ENGLISH VISITORS.*)

- SING HI.      By our majestic monarch's command,  
 Welcome the whole barbarian band !  
                  In uniform  
                  That must be warm  
          Comes every foreign guest ;  
          The cut and style  
          May raise a smile,  
 But that must be suppressed ;
- CHORUS.      Of course, the smile shall be suppressed.
- BOBBIE.              Our colours mean  
                  We serve the Queen.  
          They're not a theme for jest :  
          So if you would  
          Be quite so good,  
          Your laugh may be suppressed !
- CHORUS.      It is ! observe, it is suppressed !
- PRESTON.              These ladies here  
                  With bow and spear  
 Excite my interest !  
          I really think  
          I'll try a wink—  
 But that must be suppressed !
- CHORUS.      Oh, fie ! you ought to be suppressed !
- ENGLISH LADIES.      Oh, how they stare,  
                  As if we were  
          Inadequately dressed !  
          They must be mad !
- CHORUS.              These necks unclad  
                  Are really very sad,  
                  And ought to be suppressed !
- Still, free from distrust or malice,  
 Pour tea in the china chalice,  
 Greet them to the Golden Dragon Palace !
-

## No. 6.—PAS SEUL (TRIXIE).

## No. 7.—DUET—(SAN TOY and BOBBIE)—“The Little China Maid.”

ADRIAN ROSS.

SAN TOY.       As I'm a China maid,  
                   And you're an Englishman,  
                   How are you to carry  
                   Me off if we marry?  
                   I don't see how you can !

BOBBIE.       You needn't feel afraid,  
                   For like a vase or cup,  
                   I'll pack you completely  
                   And label you neatly  
                   With “China, this side up !”

SAN TOY.       And so  
                   I'll go  
                   Far over the sea  
                   If you are with me  
                   To guard from dangers  
                   Of storm and strangers  
                   Your own little maiden of China !

SAN TOY.	BOBBIE.
Ah, vow	I vow, I vow
To love me as you do now,	To love you as I do now,
Nor regret the price that you paid	And I'll endeavour
When you would buy	To keep for ever
(I cannot tell why)	My little China maid
Your own little China maid !	

SAN TOY.       But when you have me there  
                   Entirely to yourself,  
                   You'll shatter your passion  
                   In porcelain fashion,  
                   Or leave me on the shelf.

BOBBIE.       By all the gods I swear  
                   To be for ever true ;  
                   Though Dresden and Sèvres  
                   May tempt me for ever,  
                   I'll stick to Nankin blue !

SAN TOY.       And so  
                   I'll go, &c.



## No. 8.—CONCERTED NUMBER AND DANCE.—

(WIVES)—“ Sometimes Y.”

WIVES. We have come to see (Squeak)  
 What the palace life is,  
 Half a dozen wee (Squeak)  
 Winsome little wifies  
 Everything we pass (Squeak)  
 Rouses admiration,  
 And enthusias— (Squeak)  
 Tic ejaculation !

1. WIFE. Ha, ha, ha !  
 2. WIFE. He, he, he !  
 3. WIFE. Hi, hi, hi, !  
 4. WIFE. Ho, ho, ho !  
 5. WIFE. Hu, hu, hu !  
 6. WIFE. Sometimes Y—

ALL. Yes, we wonder sometimes Y !  
 Ha, ha, ha ! &c.  
 Such a splendid scene (Squeak)  
 Cannot find its fellow,  
 Dragons red and green (Squeak)  
 Dragons blue and yellow !  
 Dragons bolt upright, (Squeak)  
 Dragons dull and sleepy ;  
 It's a royal sight, (Squeak)  
 But a trifle creepy !  
 1. WIFE Ha, ha, ha ! &c.

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## No. 9.—QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.—

(POPPY, DUDLEY, TUCKER, LI, PRESTON, ENGLISH LADIES.)

—“ Back to London.”

POP. What joy to know a month or so  
 Will see us in town again ;

ALL. We're going to town again !

- TUCK.       The trip may be a month or three,  
              Not reckoning in the train !
- ALL           That Chatham and Dover train !
- DUD.        And there, I doubt, on Sundays out  
              There won't be a Chinaman about !
- LI.          My wishee you could take me too  
              My washee for all the c/ew !
- LADIES.      Oh, whirl of joy !
- MEN.        Oh, joyful whirl !
- LADIES.      For girl and boy !
- MEN.        For boy and girl !
- ALL          For we all of us are going back to London.  
              Over Ocean,  
              That's the notion !  
              It will fairly strike us silly,  
              When we drive up Piccadilly,  
              And we know that we are back again in town !  
              Oh, we all of us, etc.
- POP.        And then I'll pop in every shop—
- POP & PRESTON. Oh, that will be nice for *me* !
- ALL.        How pretty the bill will be !
- TUCK.       I'll dine at Clubs with brother subs,  
              And afterwards, you will see !  
              He'll go on a gorgeous spree !
- DUD.        I'll say good-bye to Mr. Li,  
              I've somebody nicer in my eye ;
- LI.          It's *au revoir*, I see you more  
              As Chineese Ambassador !
- LADIES.      Oh, rapture glad—
- MEN.        You can't surpass—
- LADIES.      For lass and lad !
- MEN.        For lad and lass !
- ALL.        For we all of us are going back to London !  
              If it's rougher,  
              We may suffer,  
              But it's worth a royal ransom  
              To be riding in a hansom,  
              For you know that you are back again in town !

No. 10.—SONG (YEN HOW) "I mean to introduce it into China."

ADRIAN ROSS.

I used to think a Chinaman was twenty times as fine a man  
 As any born of European nations ;  
 Our manners were superior to anything exterior,  
 And had been so for countless generations !  
 But now there's not a doubt of it, that China will be out of it,  
 Unless we can effect a a great improvement ;  
 We'll copy the variety of English high society,  
 And I will be the leader of the movement !  
 So we'll emulate the styles  
 Of the blessed British Isles,  
 Though the reason isn't easy to divine—

Ah !

But they do it in the West,  
 So of course it must be best,  
 And I mean to introduce it into China !

CHORUS. So we'll emulate the styles, etc.

In Leicester Square (I fancy so) I saw a girl who dances so  
 That foreign devils think her most diverting !  
 She pirouetted gracefully, with skirts expanding lacefully—  
 At first I found it highly disconcerting !  
 But soon I grew so used to her that I was introduced to her,  
 And asked her to assist our reformation—  
 She'll teach our pit and gallery, at quite a princely salary,  
 The proper course of female education !

Though the dances you will see  
 May be thought a trifle free,  
 Yet she knows exactly where to draw the line—

Ah !

YEN HOW and CHORUS.

And she's reckoned quite the best  
 In the Empire of the West,  
 So I mean to introduce her into China !

YEN HOW.

Though yachting international appears to us irrational,  
 It's something that we mustn't be outstripped on ;  
 We'll build a junk, a proper one, and not a tin and copper one,  
 And lift the China Cup of tea from Lipton !  
 Perhaps we cannot come by a Defender or Columbia,  
 But still the Cup will be as well defended,  
 For any sort of wherry can compete with the American,  
 Provided that the race is never ended !

Every day we'll hoist our sail,  
 And we'll whistle for a gale,  
 And we'll drift about around the starting line—  
 Ah

YEN HOW and CHORUS

When we have a wind at last,  
 Then his yacht may break a mast,  
 And we'll consequently keep the Cup in China !

No. 11.—SONG (BOBBIE)—“The One in the World.”

HENRY HAMILTON.

A many maidens sweet and tender  
 And fair there are beneath the sun,  
 But just to claim his life's surrender,  
 For every man there is but one !  
 It little matters what her nation,  
 She may be British or Burmese ;  
 It little matters what her station,  
 Love does not reckon by degrees.

But that moment you meet her  
 All life shall seem sweeter,  
 Diviner, completer, illumined, impearled,  
 And your hopes thronging round her  
 Shall tell you you've found her,  
 And in your heart crowned her the One in the World !  
 Just the One—just the one in the World,

And she shall walk in perfect beauty,  
 And she shall counsel higher things ;  
 Ennobling work, endearing duty,  
 Her hand shall comfort while it clings :  
 Her eyes be mirrors Heaven-glassing,  
 And gifts to make a monarch proud  
 Her little tender touch is passing,  
 Her little look across the crowd.

Ah ! So dear and so human  
 As Wife and as Woman :  
 An Angel—for *you* Man—her wings she has  
 furled.  
 Oh what price can assess her ?  
 What praise can confess her ?  
 God guard her ! God bless her ! the One in  
 the World !  
 Just the One—just the One in the World !

## No. 12.—SONG.—(LI)—“Chinee Soje-man.”

ADRIAN ROSS.

*Music by* LIONEL MONCKTON.

LI.                Bñtish soje-man in led,  
                     Lady's muftee topside head,  
 Always dñlling gettee shilling,  
                     Evely day with beef and blead !  
                     Chinee soje cuttee dash,  
                     Longee pigtail and moustache ;  
 Captain collar piecee dollar,  
                     Soje-man get copper cash !  
  
                     Oh, Chinee Soje-man,  
                     He wavee piecee fan,  
 He shoutee Hip, hoo/ay ! for Empe/or !  
                     So makee hollid yell,  
                     Bangee dñrum and ñngee bell,  
 When Chinee soje marchee out to war !

CHORUS.                Oh, Chinee soje-man, &c.

LI.                Flenchee soje welly small,  
                     Tlouser fitte not at all,  
 Lovee ladies' nussy maidies,  
                     Leavee them when glo/y call !  
                     Chinee soje, when he may,  
                     Makee lovee allo day ;  
 Littee gallee ask him mally,  
                     Chinee soje walk away !  
  
                     Oh, Chinee soje-man,,  
                     He wavee piecee fan,  
 He shoutee Hip, hoo/ay ! for Empe/or !  
                     He winkee-blinkee eye,  
                     Say he mally bye and bye,  
 When Chinee soje marchee back f/om war !

CHORUS.                Oh, Chinee soje-man, &c.

LI.                Boer soje ugly lot,  
                     Dirty shirtee, goodee shot,  
 Puttee shoulder under boulder,  
                     Hidee self and takee pot !  
                     Chinee soje when he fight,  
                     Makee facee out in sight !  
 If you shootee him on duty,  
                     Thinkee that you no polite !

Oh, Chineese soje-man,  
 He wavee piecee fan,  
 He shoutee Hip, hoo/ay ! for Emperor !  
 You shootee at him so,  
 That he callee welly low,  
 And Chineese soje marchee 'way f/om war !

CHORUS. Oh, Chineese soje-man, &c.

LI. German soje big about,  
 Eatee sausage, gettee stout  
 Choppee uppee littee puppy,  
 Takee him with sauer-k/aut !  
 Chineese soje b/avee soul,  
 Never eatee sausage /oll !  
 Cookee eatee in a patty,  
 But he cookee bow-wow whole !  
  
 Oh, Chineese soje-man,  
 He wavee piecee fan,  
 He shoutee Hip, hoo/ay ! for Emperor !  
 You keepee dog on chain,  
 Or he never seen again,  
 When Chineese soje marchee out to war !

CHORUS. Oh, Chineese soje-man, &c.

# No. 13.—FINALE.

By ADRIAN ROSS.

SAN TOY }	Vain was the fond
BOBBIE. }	Endeavour
	Love and its bond
	To sever !
	Dangers are done,
	Soon will the sun
	Shine on us one
	For ever !

POPPY & }	Fair be your lot,
CHORUS. }	San Toy, oh !
	Now you are not
	A boy, oh !
	And when you are
	Dwelling afar,
	Yours be a star
	Of joy, oh !

- YEN HOW**                    The great Yen How  
Is happy now.
- CHORUS.**                    Immoderately blest !
- YEN HOW**                    It makes me half  
Inclined to laugh—
- SING HI.**                    But that must be suppressed !
- WIVES.**                    It is,  
We see it is suppressed !
- LI**                            My keepe house  
With lillee mouse.
- CHORUS.**                    A husband of the best.
- DUDLEY.**                    So if you try  
Flirtation, Li—
- TUCKER.**                    Oh, won't he be suppressed !
- CHORUS.**                    Then here's to the Emperor's Own,  
Imposing and splendid,  
Who guard the Imperial throne  
With treason intended !  
And here's to the various pairs  
Whose fortunes are blended !  
May honour and riches be theirs,  
And life never ended !  
Love, hope and joy  
And many days to our San Toy !

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The Hag.                 ,,       *Robert Herrick.*

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Where'er the British Flag may wave, o'er land, or sea,  
There lives no serf, there breathes no slave,  
For it is guarded by the brave,  
Brave hearts and free.  
And tho' it be a tatter'd rag,  
While there remains one shred,  
Then still it is the British Flag  
For which our Fathers bled.

CHORUS—Then raise aloft the British Flag, and as it proudly floats,  
Let manly British cheers ring out  
From manly British throats ;  
To tell the world,  
That once unfurled,  
No matter when or where,  
It's there for good,  
That's understood,  
So let them touch who dare !

Just as the Rose, amid the flow'rs holds pride of place,  
So England, like her emblem, towers  
Above the heads of meaner powers,  
In strength and grace.  
This is no mere vain glorious boast,  
Our rivals know its truth,  
So let us give this hearty toast  
To all our British youth.

CHORUS—Then raise aloft, &c.

Though other nations all combine,  
We shall not quail,  
Our kinsmen but await the sign,  
And Anglo-Saxons once in line,  
Who shall assail ?  
Then fearless, we can face the shock  
And boast our pride of birth,  
And tell the envious foreign stock  
Our Empire is the Earth.

CHORUS—Then raise aloft, &c.

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---

W'en you see a man in woe, walk right up an' say, Hullo!  
Say Hullo! an' "How d'ye do? How's the world a'using you?"  
Slap the fellow on his back, bring yer han' down with a whack!  
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow; grin and shake an' say, Hullo!

Is he cloth'd in rags? Oh, sho! walk right up an' say Hullo!  
Rags is but a cotton roll, jest for wrappin' up a soul,  
An' a soul is worth a true, hale an' hearty, How d'ye do?  
Don't wait for the crowd to go, walk right up an' say, Hullo!

When big vessels meet, they say; they saloot an' sail away:  
Jest the same are you an' me, lonesome ships upon a sea;  
Each one sailing his own jog, for a port beyond the fog,  
Let yer speaking trumpet blow, lift yer horn an' cry, Hullo!

Say, "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?" other folks are good as you;  
W'en yer leave yer house of clay, wand'rin' in the far away;  
W'en yer travel thro' the strange country t'other side the range;  
Then the souls you've cheered will know who ye be, an' say, Hullo!

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Oh, Uncle's giving a party, and he's asked us all to come,

We'll be there! we'll be there!

We're marching up from Durban town, behind the fife and drum,

We'll be there! we'll be there!

There's some from Dublin City, there's some from out the West,

The Devon lads 'veel vitty' there's Gordons wi' the rest

Oh, Uncle, don't you trouble, we have men enough to spare,

We'll be there! we'll be there!

(CHORUS) So please you, Uncle Paul, light the Lantern in the Hall,

(We know we're welcome as the flow'rs in May),

A trifling accident makes us later than we meant,

But good old Uncle Paul will have to pay.

We have some near relations from the corners of the earth,

They'll be there! they'll be there!

They're coming up to show their Uncle Paul what they are worth,

They'll be there! they'll be there!

They've come across the ocean, knowing that you would not mind,

They had not any notion of being left behind;

They're members of the family, and so its only fair,

They'll be there! they'll be there!

(CHORUS) So please you, Uncle Paul, see that there's enough for all,

(Britannia's little lot is on the way),

They're following up the drum, and 'twill cost a tidy sum,

But good old Uncle Paul will have to pay.

Pretoria's a place we've often wanted to behold,

We'll be there! we'll be there!

That's where you do your governing, and gather up your gold,

We'll be there! we'll be there!

Oh, Uncle, it's a pity now that you are past your prime,

Thus in a busy city to be spending all your time,

But Uncle, don't you trouble, you shall have a change of air,

We'll be there! we'll be there!

(CHORUS) So please you, Uncle Paul, tell the watchman on the wall

They may expect to see us any day;

A lot we've had to spend, but we know that in the end,

'Tis good old Uncle Paul will have to pay.

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